

THE DAILY SHORT STORY.



Love Romance Adventure

WHAT BROKE UP DE MEETIN'.

By Eva W. Malone.

(Copyright, 1900. Daily Story Pub. Co.)

UNCLE PETER was speaking "Sis' Mournin'" after the most approved style of "Sis' Mournin'."

But the stream of his amatory eloquence could not be expected to furnish a perpetual flow; so, in the intervals, they whiled away the time with choice bits of local gossip to which Sis' Mournin' was in no wise averse. Of course, Uncle Peter was not interested in the gossip—what had never been. He merely indulged in it to please his lady love.

They had drifted into church matters—

which, by the way, was not always a safe subject with the loving pair, seeing that Brother Peter was a Baptist—

a deep-water Baptist—and Sis' Mournin' was an equally loyal Methodist. Indeed, she was the disconsolate widow of a presiding elder.

"By de way, Miss Mournin'," said Uncle Peter, "kin yo' tell de suckumstances what led t' de sudden tummination o' de vival services at yo' meetin' in house? Ise heere fust one an' den erunner—but I ain't nebbber felt lak Ise reached de bottom o' de matter. Now I know it's yo'f dat de 'pured' de morte de whole bines, seein' dat Brudder Hankins, yo' preacher, bodas wid yo'. Would yo' min' tellin' a fren'—here Uncle Peter slipped his arm in Sis' Mournin's and said: 'Sis' Mournin', in a ample waist—'would yo' min' tell in a fren' de berry bottom' fackin' in de case?'"

"In o'se I wouldn't, but 'fo I gins, yo' bettah get dat am o' yock back in his place 'fo yo' better git de doctah 't' set hit," said Sis' Mournin' archly.

"Nebber min' bout dat am-dit," knows his bines an' don't need no structions f'om de ladies. Proceed, Miss Mournin'! kin yo' tell me hit broke up de meetin' at Zion Chapel?"

"Hif, woe! bout dis a way," began Sis' Mournin' with gusto—"after de meetin' bin goin' on 'bout six weeks an' runnin' as slick as greased lightning,"

aid de morners a mornin' and de saints a 'bout dat hit' handy-shank Baptist preacher—here Uncle Peter's arm vibrated in his hold—he got so jealous o' his fackin' he couldn't 'specially' hit himself on de groun'." Case obbery body knows he ain't nebbber had no morners, nor no vival, nor no suitin' at his of dreed-up church! So he got in his pray'sment one night, he did-yo' moult not bin dece, but he done done hit—'an' he low dat, we're't so 'sacred' bout de vival at Zion Chapel—dat he kin 'splain hit any 'nuff."

"How am hit, Brudder? kin yo' 'splain o' 'sacred' what's a'bout so uppity."

"Why, hif, dis a way, says de Baptist preacher—here Uncle Peter's arm vibrated de fore send de backslide—'an' de day hatter 'splain an' 'fo 'fo'ron' an' eroun' lak de hose in de bark mill, an' dat what keep de vival runnin' dat's what dat low-life Baptist nigger said."

Uncle Peter opened his mouth to utter a defense for his minister, but by this time Sis' Mournin's feelings were thoroughly aroused and the torrent of her

eloquence could not be stemmed.

"Oh, he sho' fack hit, Brudder Peter," she continued, "an' de suckumstances dat yo' nebbber hyerd in man change de fackin' in de case. He said hit an' he dashed d'ny hit. An' after dat, dat what yo' recin' dis white-eyed nigger do? Did'n he march into Zion Chapel de 'berry' nex' night lookin' lak, 'sough' would'n't mo' hit de morners an' de saints 'bout de 'sacred' what's a'bout so uppity? He said, dat de Baptist Brudder what seem to be 'splain hit so much up an' f'ore any hit, de morners' bines bettah lak de 'sacred' what's a'bout so uppity, de most backslide."

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LORD ROSEBERY'S STUDY OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

British Statesman Handles the Emperor's Much Discussed Character and the French People with Consideration.



LORD ROSEBERY.

In "Napoleon, the Last Phase," Lord Rosebery tries to trace the middle of Napoleon's real personal character by a study of Napoleon at St. Helena, where the British Government, with the assistance of the Continental powers, toiled at the task of "gagging and paralyzing an intelligence and a force which were too gigantic for the welfare and security of the world."

It is a most interesting book that the great Englishman of our day has made about the great monster-man or monster of all time. And it is on the whole a very fair book, one that will please the French and surprise them, as well as they are to the living and misrepresentations of English observers of French matters. For instance, Lord Rosebery does not attempt to defend the meanness of the English in their treatment of Napoleon—their denial of his rank, their petty allowance for his expenses, their lodging him in a poor repaired cowshed, used as a cowshed until he was sent there to live and changed back to a stable as soon as he was dead. And Lord Rosebery spares no ridicule or satire in relating the doings of the ignorant and brutal English jailer, Sir Hudson Lowe. But the chief interest of the book lies, of course, in the personal study of Napoleon.

"He practically passed all his days in the hut," says Rosebery, "reading, writing, talking, but without, bored to death."

"Bored to death"—that is the clue to the true inwardness of those six years between Waterloo and death. He lived in two bare little rooms with a few yawning attendants who admired him, were in a way devoted to him, but were also bored to death, could hardly suppress their yawns in his presence and were mad to get away.

"The one pleasure of the captive's life was an arrival of books. He would shut himself up with them for days together—bathing in them, revelling in them, feasting on them. The need of exercise finally drove him to garden—slippers and a vast straw hat, with his spade in his hand, working away at dawn, directing the exertions of his impressed household and the laborers of the Chinese gardeners."

He spent much time in dictating. He had almost forgotten how to write. Sometimes he would dictate fourteen hours on the stretch. His wretched attendants took notes all night and again had to begin at four in the morning. He thought he was a good reader and a good writer, but was not. And the miserable attendants had to listen to him hour after hour in deplorable of tragic poetry, he watching sharply the white to make sure of close attention.

He read the Bible, Homer, the Greek tragic poets, "Hume's History of England," Richardson's "Clarissa," Voltaire's tragedies, especially "Zaire," all the books that were coming out in Europe, especially those about himself. He had always been an omnivorous reader. To Waterloo he took 60 volumes, and three days after his abdication he was assembling books—history, philosophy, strategy, memoirs. He scrawled on the margins as he read.

One day he said: "It was a fine empire. I ruled 60,000,000 of human beings, more than half the population of Europe." Yet here he was on this little rock in the vast ocean-desert, like a caged animal, walking restlessly and aimlessly up and down his confined den, and watching the outside world with the fierce despair of his wild eye. He had no hope of escape. He knew that he was "done for." He was waiting for death. He talked on every subject, in religion he inclined to Mahometanism, once saying, "We Mahometans." He regarded

Bernhardt's Cabins.

Both the and Coquelin Demanded Large Saloons at L'Aquiline.

The French lady had to make elaborate arrangements for Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coquelin. They will arrive on L'Aquiline next Monday.

The actress had prepared for her own use the "cabin de dames," which was to be transformed into a boudoir, while two cabins de luxe have been transformed into one for her sleeping apartments.

Coquelin also demanded that several rooms be thrown together for his accommodation. The Bernhardt was never before so exacting.

Another "Well Gown" Play.

Alberta Gallatin is to star as Nell Gwynn in a new play by Cater Havell, of Philadelphia, called "Under the Restoration." The company is rehearsing daily at the Lyceum Theatre, while the mechanical forces are busily engaged constructing scenery for the production.

Dohnanyi's First Recital.

The Hungarian Pianist Sympathetically Interprets the Masters.

Better acquaintance with Ernst von Dohnanyi, the young Hungarian pianist, deepens the impression of his ability to interpret the works of the great composers with sympathetic feeling and in a masterly manner. At his first recital in Mendelssohn Hall yesterday afternoon his programme consisted of Bach's minor fantasia and fugue, Beethoven's E flat major sonata, his own variations and fugue on a theme by "E. G." Haydn's caprice in F minor, the Schubert-Liszt's "Bois de Vienne," in D flat major, and Liszt's Rakoczy march. He played a Chopin waltz.

The playing of this young man was elevated, beautiful, convincing, especially in the Beethoven sonata. It will be remembered that it was an illustration of music first won the admiration of music lovers at his introduction here, toward the close of last season.

Dohnanyi will give a second recital at Mendelssohn Hall on Sunday afternoon.

MAY IRWIN AFTER BIJOU.

Offers \$20,000 a Year for Theatre to Establish a Stock Company.

May Irwin has offered more than \$20,000 a year for a five years' lease of the Bijou Theatre and the owner, Henry B. Rice, is seriously considering her offer.

She means to call the house "May Irwin's Theatre" and form a permanent stock company.

The conditions in language of the owner of the theatre.

TOLSTOIN HELPFUL WIFE.

HE Countess Tolstoin, despite the care of a large family, for who is the mother of thirteen children, and the entire management of an estate, finds time to assist her husband in his literary labors. Count Tolstoin's writing is difficult to decipher, and the Countess patiently copies his books. With regard to catering to her husband's tastes in the matter of diet she is quoted as saying that she could give him any kind of food, and vegetables, and any kind of meat, and never duplicate.

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"In o'se I wouldn't, but 'fo I gins, yo' bettah get dat am o' yock back in his place 'fo yo' better git de doctah 't' set hit," said Sis' Mournin' archly.

"Nebber min' bout dat am-dit," knows his bines an' don't need no structions f'om de ladies. Proceed, Miss Mournin'! kin yo' tell me hit broke up de meetin' at Zion Chapel?"

"Hif, woe! bout dis a way," began Sis' Mournin' with gusto—"after de meetin' bin goin' on 'bout six weeks an' runnin' as slick as greased lightning,"

aid de morners a mornin' and de saints a 'bout dat hit' handy-shank Baptist preacher—here Uncle Peter's arm vibrated in his hold—he got so jealous o' his fackin' he couldn't 'specially' hit himself on de groun'." Case obbery body knows he ain't nebbber had no morners, nor no vival, nor no suitin' at his of dreed-up church! So he got in his pray'sment one night, he did-yo' moult not bin dece, but he done done hit—'an' he low dat, we're't so 'sacred' bout de vival at Zion Chapel—dat he kin 'splain hit any 'nuff."

"How am hit, Brudder? kin yo' 'splain o' 'sacred' what's a'bout so uppity."

"Why, hif, dis a way, says de Baptist preacher—here Uncle Peter's arm vibrated de fore send de backslide—'an' de day hatter 'splain an' 'fo 'fo'ron' an' eroun' lak de hose in de bark mill, an' dat what keep de vival runnin' dat's what dat low-life Baptist nigger said."

Uncle Peter opened his mouth to utter a defense for his minister, but by this time Sis' Mournin's feelings were thoroughly aroused and the torrent of her

eloquence could not be stemmed.

"Oh, he sho' fack hit, Brudder Peter," she continued, "an' de suckumstances dat yo' nebbber hyerd in man change de fackin' in de case. He said hit an' he dashed d'ny hit. An' after dat, dat what yo' recin' dis white-eyed nigger do? Did'n he march into Zion Chapel de 'berry' nex' night lookin' lak, 'sough' would'n't mo' hit de morners an' de saints 'bout de 'sacred' what's a'bout so uppity? He said, dat de Baptist Brudder what seem to be 'splain hit so much up an' f'ore any hit, de morners' bines bettah lak de 'sacred' what's a'bout so uppity, de most backslide."

"Dis am hit, Brudder Peter, Ise 'splain hit, dat de morners' bines bettah lak de 'sacred' what's a'bout so uppity, de most backslide."

"Den Brudder Hankins let fly at 'im wid de hymn book, an' one o' de stow-ards come at 'im wid de big Bible, an' offen some o' his own members ludin' a kin o' dat nigger's wool list. But de Baptist dey tuk hit up, an' 'sough' de morners' bines bettah lak de 'sacred' what's a'bout so uppity, de most backslide."

"Dis am hit, Brudder Peter, Ise 'splain hit, dat de morners' bines bettah lak de 'sacred' what's a'bout so uppity, de most backslide."

"Den Brudder Hankins let fly at 'im wid de hymn book, an'